

Strawberry Surprise

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/8070103) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/8070103>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Anal Plug , Flavored Lube , Rough Sex , Situational Humiliation , Verbal Humiliation
Language:	English
Series:	Part 18 of Season One-Inspired Hannigram: One-Shots
Collections:	2016 HBB
Stats:	Published: 2016-09-18 Words: 5,962 Chapters: 1/1

Strawberry Surprise

by [DarkDreamsOfHannigram](#), [theconsciousdarkness](#)

Summary

Will tries to surprise Hannibal, and utterly fails to do so.

Notes

Our really smutty contribution to the Hannibal Big Bang! Thanks for tolerating our awfulness, lol.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

This wasn't going as well as he'd hoped.

The plug he'd bought was fine. There was no problem there; it was nice and big, but not big enough that he'd feel uncomfortable having it in while he made the longish drive from Wolf Trap to Baltimore. It was clear glass, and he was certain Hannibal would appreciate that immensely.

No, the problem was the lube. He had thought there was some of the nice organic, unscented stuff left over that Hannibal had used on him last time he'd paid a visit, but when he checked the bedside table drawer, it wasn't there. Will was sure there was at least a little bit left, so he checked the medicine cabinet, even the kitchen. Nothing.

Then he looked under the bed. And there it was, all covered in doggy bite marks. He must've left it out, and one of his dogs got ahold of it and used it as a chew toy.

Damn, he thought. *No time to go out and buy more, even if I could find it around here.* So his plan to surprise Hannibal, all slick and ready when he got to the Doctor's office, now hinged upon using what he had left in his house. Which, as it turned out, was strawberry scented. It wasn't bad stuff, really quite perfect for the type of plug he had, but it was a bit silly. He had bought it on a whim to use on himself when he knew Hannibal would be likely to lick it off. Will had even tasted it, and, while it hadn't tasted bad, certainly did not taste like strawberries.

It was kind of now or never, though. He didn't know when Hannibal's schedule and his would sync up so perfectly again. He knew the Doctor's last patient would be leaving in the time it would take him to get to Baltimore, and there were no active cases right now. Will was dying for some spontaneity. They hadn't been able to see each other for a week, and he was, admittedly, extremely horny.

With a shrug of his shoulders, he went into the bathroom to get himself ready, and put the thing in.

.....

The ride was...interesting.

Under normal circumstances Will welcomed, even begged for a distraction from his unruly mind. Now, in the car and on the somewhat lengthy ride to Hannibal's house, it was his body he tried to distract. Nervous energy and anticipation vibrated through his chest. And straight to his cock.

"Fuck."

Will squirmed in his seat, stifling a groan when he felt the plug push deeper inside him. The long week between their last meeting had left Will tight. He'd tried to remedy his predicament, but his own fingers were such a poor substitute for Hannibal's cock. Thick. Heavy. It opened him better than his own fingers could ever hope to.

Will's mind slipped back to minutes before when he was trying to work those fingers inside himself, hands coated with brightly scented lube, plug slippery in his grasp.

He groaned, a trickle of sweat at his brow, and wiped it away with a shaky hand.

Thoughts flitted by, each with their requisite emotion - Will could barely tolerate the wait, until finally, at long last, the interstate slowly turned into the colonial affluence of the neighborhood of

Hannibal's office. The stately building loomed over him as Will steered into the driveway. He took a several steadying breaths; this was supposed to be a surprise, after all, no need to give it away too soon.

Will unclenched his hands from the steering wheel, stretching to work the tension out of his shoulders. He cracked his neck, grabbed his weekend satchel, and started for the door. Before his foot had even hit the first step, Hannibal was on the landing, door opening wide as he loomed in the large foyer.

The only part of his expression that betrayed him was a slight upward twitch of his mouth. Fortunately, Will was putting his bag down on the blue couch, and missed it entirely.

"You are planning on staying overnight at my house," Hannibal said, glancing meaningfully at the bag. "I take it this is not to be simply a therapy appointment?"

Will snorted derisive laughter. "It hasn't been 'simply a therapy appointment' since we started being intimate with each other, Hannibal, but yes. I thought I'd take the liberty of inviting myself. It's been too long since we had any breaks together. I don't have a case now, and I'm turning off my phone for at least 24 hours. If Jack does call, I hope he'll take the hint and not break your door down trying to find me."

Hannibal smiled mischievously. "An excellent decision. I could not have prescribed a better course of treatment myself."

He ushered Will to sit down, across from him as usual. What wasn't usual is that he thought of the conversation to come more as foreplay, rather than a genuine session...not that the two were completely mutually exclusive. And the chairs were much closer together than with his real clients. Still, Will paced after Hannibal had taken a seat.

"Not interested in sitting just now?" Hannibal asked coyly, as if he didn't already know the reason why.

"Um, yes, I'm just...I still need to stretch my legs after the drive."

"Very well. You say you are concerned at the length of time it has been since we spent time together. It has indeed been at least three weeks. What is it about this that troubles you?"

"Doesn't it trouble you?" Will asked, trying not to sound wounded.

"Most assuredly. But we are talking about you at the moment. We can talk about my thoughts later. Now. Tell me how this length of separation makes you feel."

Will stopped pacing, but didn't sit. He stood next to his chair, and leaned on it, briefly looking at Hannibal before staring out the window. The long shadows of evening moved indifferently across the floor.

"I felt incomplete," Will mumbled, his gaze far away, as if he were searching for the right words. He fidgeted with a loose thread on the back of the chair, plucking at it restlessly.

"It feels longer than three weeks since..." He trailed off, thinking of the last time they were in each other's arms. "Since we were together." Will frowned, shifting. The movement caused the plug to

press unexpectedly against his prostate. He gasped quietly, seemingly unaware of the flush that colored his cheeks.

“And what do you recall about our last time together, Will?” Hannibal smirked.

Will looked up, startled.

“How is that at all related to my therapy?” Will narrowed his eyes.

“Anything that provokes an emotional response is relevant to your therapy, Will.” Hannibal inclined his head, calmly.

Will huffed. He was losing control of the situation. He tore his gaze from the windows and the shapeless forms outside it that had caught his eye.

“I remember you fucked me in the sitting room,” Will said boldly, meeting Hannibal’s very unprofessional and very feral smile. “I think you even tripped me,” he cleared his throat and squared his shoulders, “to get me down on my knees.”

Will paused, and stood up a little.

“Is that what you recall, Dr. Lecter?” He let the words roll off his tongue, teasing Hannibal with the professional title, as he sometimes did.

“In great detail,” Hannibal replied. “I particularly remember the sounds of my flesh meeting yours.” He briefly allowed his eyes to close, and a contented smile graced his lips.

Will saw it and drank it in, finally giving in to the need to feel some pressure on the plug inside of him, and took his seat. Just as he did, Hannibal looked straight at him, and saw the mixture of frustration and relief cross his face.

“Is this an experience you would like to repeat, Will?”

“Not...not exactly. Besides, as you remember it so well, it would be a bit pointless to do it again.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, as this bordered on rude. “On the contrary. Each encounter with you is unique, even if its form and framing is similar. But perhaps something new is in order. If I’m not mistaken, you already have something in mind.”

“Reading my body language?” Will asked, realizing his expression had probably given him away when he sat down.

“I had no need to. I knew your secret as soon as you walked in the door.”

Will’s eyes widened.

“That is quite an extraordinary scented lubricant. Some poor imitation of strawberry if I’m not mistaken.”

“You’re not,” Will replied through clenched teeth.

“How long have you had it in?”

“Since just before I left. I was...going to use something unscented but the dogs got to it.”

Hannibal actually grinned.

“And how large is it?”

Will looked down, away from Hannibal’s penetrating gaze.

“It’s the glass one you got me, a few weeks ago.” Will gasped as he recalled its dimensions, feeling each and every inch as he rocked forward just a little. He thought of the slight stretching ache as he had eased it inside not so long ago; and the incredibly thick base, that barely allowed his hole to relax.

“Ah yes,” Hannibal breathed, “that one is quite large.” He looked unbearably pleased with himself as he sat forward and whispered, “would you like to tell me how it felt, Will?”

Will made an incredulous noise, his breath ticking up a notch. His shaking hand hovered over the polished leather of Hannibal’s chair, as he tried desperately to keep from touching himself. It was ridiculous, he decided - he had come here to take Hannibal by surprise, and now it was rapidly spiraling out of his control.

He stood confidently, albeit on shaky legs. Hannibal looked on, amused, as Will approached his chair. He loomed over him, nudging Hannibal’s legs apart with his knee, invading his personal space. The doctor leaned his head back, smiling mildly.

“How it felt? How it felt when I slicked my fingers? Or when I teased myself open? Or maybe how I had to stretch myself and how it ached when I tried to push it inside? I was so tight, Hannibal, my hole could barely take it all...”

Will trailed off, breath hitching. He trembled before Hannibal, unable to stop the rush of desire that flooded through him.

“It’s been so long since you’ve been inside me,” he tried and immediately failed to suppress a whimper.

“Did you think about it? Since the last time? Did you dream about fucking me?” Will stared down at him, holding his gaze.

Hannibal’s face remained serene and frustratingly unreadable. His only response to the proximity of Will’s body, and the heat radiating from him, was to place a hand on his hip.

“I dream of you often, Will. Sometimes taking you, sometimes being taken by you.” He inhaled deeply, almost failing to suppress a smile.

“That is a scent I won’t soon forget. I only hope that it will not cling to your skin after I have bathed you.”

Will stepped back, a worry rising in his thoughts.

“You’re going to take me home and give me a bath?” I should have anticipated this, he thought, his mind racing. There’s no way he was going to give me what I want.

While Will was distracted by this misdirection, Hannibal snatched his wrists in one hand, while simultaneously getting on his feet. Will's balance was instantly at his mercy, and he tipped back on his heels, surprised, before he could even make a sound.

Hannibal pulled him in, and brought his other hand to the back of Will's body, holding on to the waist of his jeans. He kissed Will's neck, hard, and then brought his lips to his ear: "I should have explained more completely - after I've had you, I'll take you home and clean you up. It would be terribly rude to leave you in the state you'll soon be in, after I'm finished with you here."

In a blur of graceful movement, Hannibal maneuvered them both the few feet over to his desk, in front of the short end. He pushed Will back, unbalancing him again, but didn't allow him to fully recline. The hand that was at his back now moved up to entangle in his hair.

Hannibal observed how beautiful Will looked - the exaggerated curve of his body, held fast, the arch of his back. It inflamed Hannibal's senses, his plans for the evening unfolding in vivid detail in his mind.

For his own part, Will could only manage a small, startled noise, still reeling from finding himself bent against the desk. He was unmoving in Hannibal's arms, heart hammering. Skilled fingers worked through his curls, scratching pleasantly at his scalp. A quick movement of Hannibal's hand and he had turned Will's head to the side, exposing his neck.

"Oh..." Will whispered, finally relaxing when he felt soft lips at his throat. They curved into a smile before sharp teeth followed suit. Will whined, stiffening, but then Hannibal's tongue pressed against his skin, soothing away the ache.

"You're a fucking tease," Will moaned, finally bringing his arms up slowly around Hannibal's waist. "You wouldn't dare fuck me here," he said in hushed tones, "you'd think about it every time you were at your desk."

Hannibal laughed derisively. "As for forming memories, don't you think that would be a benefit to me, taking you here? And you are one to talk of teasing. I cannot imagine what you thought you would do when you arrived here, open and slick and ready..."

Will was now firmly braced against the desk. Still holding on to Will's wrists with one hand, he used the other to start opening his jeans.

"Tell me," Hannibal said, his voice at once both dark and commanding, "what exactly were you planning?"

To encourage honesty, he wrapped a hand around Will's cock, still inside his pants.

"I...uhhhh, oh god, please don't stop..." Will breathed in his ear.

"Tell me what I want to know, and I will keep going."

Will swallowed hard. "I was...ah...hoping to end up straddling you in your chair. I was going to take it out without you even knowing I had it in the first place. I was going to take you in, all at once. I wanted to hear the sounds you'd make, finding out I'd prepared myself for you."

"I think you still will hear them," Hannibal said, stroking him faster. He was pleased at Will's candor, but still felt like he had to draw this out a bit longer. So he stopped, and finally worked

Will's jeans down over his hips, exposing him.

"You knew I would be unable to resist you. All that tight heat. A pity you used such a cheap, unsophisticated lubricant. But even if you had not, I would still have been able to scent your arousal. You think you can just come here, any time you like, and I will *service* you?"

Will moved a hand from Hannibal's waist, impatient for more contact, but found he was too unsteady.

He groaned, biting his lip in frustration, and snaked his arms around Hannibal again. It was becoming harder to breathe - the strange position he found himself in, his building arousal, the heat of Hannibal's body so close - he could feel himself flushing deeply from the strain.

"Why shouldn't you service me?" He squirmed, jeans rubbing irritatingly tight against his thighs. "I'm here for you to take care of my mind, isn't it only fair you take care of my body too?"

Hannibal stopped touching Will's throbbing length, and leaned in even closer. Though he was still fully clothed, he could feel Hannibal's erection pressing against his. He had decided to skip wearing boxers, a fact that Hannibal hadn't failed to notice.

"That wasn't our arrangement initially, although I must admit I have come to appreciate how it has evolved. Perhaps I should let Jack know I've been taking care of you in other ways. Wouldn't it be *interesting* for others to know what an insatiable, eager patient you are? How you come here, wearing nothing under your jeans, and ready for me to use."

Will's face turned red instantly. Even though he knew Hannibal would never be so gauche as to talk about their intimate lives, the very idea of it made him feel a delicious rush of humiliation. He moaned against Hannibal's neck, who knew he had Will in the palm of his hand now, and could do anything he desired.

He put a hand back against the table to brace himself and leant forward with just enough leverage to press hard against Hannibal.

"Do they ever show up unannounced?" Will was breathless, his heaving chest flushed as dark as his cheeks.

With his free hand Will stroked his cock, hard and leaking. He swiped a thumb through the wetness that was already gathering at the slit and pressed his finger against Hannibal's dress trousers. Light grey. *An unfortunate choice for the evening*, Will thought deviously as the dark stain of pre-cum dampened the fabric.

He grinned, a devilish look in his eye.

"What would they think, a doctor ravishing his poor, helpless patient?"

Hannibal took his wrist again, this time directing it to cover his straining, still covered hardness. Will never failed to marvel at how big he felt, even through multiple layers.

"I would hardly characterize you as helpless. You have thoroughly disheveled my clothes."

Will laughed sarcastically. "Obviously the worst thing I could do to you."

Leaning in to kiss Will's ear, he growled, "I plan on making you very sorry for it too."

Will shuddered in his embrace, both apprehensive and full of desire.

“Now,” said Hannibal, voice like liquid silk, “show me what you’ve done to yourself.”

Will stayed still for several moments until he finally twisted in his arms, facing the table. Hannibal’s broad, warm hand stroked down Will’s overheated skin, before resting at his hip.

Leaning forward, Will pressed his chest against Hannibal’s desk, the solid wood feeling startlingly cold compared to his body. He couldn’t suppress a gasp at the sensation. After a moment he brought his arms back behind him. Hands hovering, uncertain, he felt Hannibal touch the small of his back.

“You want to show me what you’ve done, don’t you, Will?” His voice was soft, tinged with darkness and the desire to see Will expose himself.

“Yes...” Will answered, dreamily. There was something in his tone that made Hannibal impossible to resist.

Slowly, Will touched himself; first hesitantly, spreading himself a tiny bit for Hannibal to see. There was an approving sigh behind him at the sight of the smooth plug.

“A little more, don’t you think?” He rubbed the backs of Will’s trembling thighs, urging him on, and watched with barely contained desire.

Will made a small noise, spreading himself as widely as he could for Hannibal.

“Perfect,” he hissed, as Will felt his hands slide down his legs, settling against the softness of his inner thighs. Hannibal pushed, spreading them as widely as his exposed ass. Tipping forward, unbalanced again, Will flushed at the thought of how he must look.

“It must have taken you quite some time to prepare yourself.” There was amusement in Hannibal’s voice, and Will could only nod in agreement. With the flat of his hand, Hannibal pressed against the plug, seating it as deeply as the base would allow.

Will groaned, knees suddenly weak. He whimpered softly, arms beginning to tire from holding himself open to Hannibal’s scrutiny. He lamented at how quickly he was losing control, the small possibility of having the upper hand fading quickly the longer Hannibal tormented him. As if to confirm this thought, the exploration of his exposed body continued. Fingers massaged firmly against Will’s perineum where it swelled gently with the curve of the plug. With his free hand Hannibal grasped the base, pulling slowly until he saw Will’s hole straining with the thickness.

“Please!!” Will gasped, legs nearly giving out beneath him.

“Shhh,” Hannibal hushed him with feigned irritation, rubbing the stretched ring of muscle until it relaxed as much as the toy allowed. His ministrations continued until he noticed an unmistakable little thrust of Will’s hips, that he appeared to be trying desperately to hide.

Senses slowly returning, Will realized with horror that he was leaking profusely against the side of Hannibal’s desk. Thick streaks of pre-cum smeared the expensive wood, dripping obscenely onto the carpet below.

Hannibal tsked. “Whatever will my cleaning staff think?” He smiled broadly, knowing Will would feel a rush of embarrassment over this admonishment, as well as the fact that Will would be unable to see his face.

He kept moving the plug, more forcefully now, and taking it out further each time, only to push it back in all the way. Hannibal followed the cues of Will’s body, the growing movements of his hips. He was groaning without restraint.

Eventually, Will let go of all notions of being in control of the situation in any way. He silently cursed Hannibal, and his own inability to resist how he played his body like he was one of his instruments.

When he could take no more, Hannibal heard him speaking in a quiet, desperate voice. He knew what Will was saying, but it was important that he speak his desires clearly and distinctly. So Hannibal gave no indication that he heard, right away. When his pleas became louder, Hannibal relented.

“I need you to face me, Will, and tell me what you need.” He finally removed the plug all the way, and set it aside.

It was immediately jarring to feel it removed. He let out a deep moan, miserable at the thought of being so empty.

The idea that he had ever been in control slipped from his mind too easily. It took several seconds before Will stood, turning slowly to face Hannibal. He put a hand behind him, holding onto the desk.

Hannibal was beyond pleased to see the blatant desperation written across Will’s furrowed brow. Dark hair hung in tangled curls across his sweat-slicked forehead, even more perspiration gathering in the hollows of his collarbones. He trembled slightly, as he often did when overstimulated, and stared up into Hannibal’s eyes.

“Please,” Will whined softly, his voice shaking nearly as much as his unsteady legs.

“Please, what, Will?” Hannibal said gently, teasingly, brushing the hair from his eyes.

Will shook his head, at a loss for words, and whimpered as Hannibal closed the space between them. He ached horribly, nearly as much as it pained him at not being filled by Hannibal’s thickness. Will reached down, desperate fingers closing over his throbbing length.

“Ahh,” Hannibal scolded, snatching Will’s wrists. He held them tightly, even when the other man tried to squirm away.

“I need, I can’t...” Will squeezed his eyes shut, trying to force out the words. “I feel so empty, please. I need your cock, I can’t bear it any longer.” Hannibal loosened his grip slightly, freeing one of Will’s hands. Immediately he brought it behind himself, trying to push numb fingers inside his gaping hole. Hannibal made no attempt to hide his feral smile as Will struggled to fill himself though such *inadequate* means.

Will groaned in frustration, the subpar lubricant left his entrance anything but slick. Stumbling forward, he leaned into Hannibal’s waiting embrace, breathless little sobs wracking his body.

Finally taking mercy, Hannibal produced an object which to Will seemed like he'd brought it out of thin air: a smooth, plastic syringe. It was filled with the kind of high quality lubricant he'd meant to use in the first place on himself.

If Will hadn't been so completely desperate at this point, he might have felt humiliation at the clinical efficiency with which Hannibal used it. In his current state, however, it was nothing but sweet relief. He felt the warm slickness spreading deep inside his hole as Hannibal depressed the plunger; the embarrassment returned just a little when he realized Hannibal injected a second, and then a third.

"There," Hannibal said with a measured, calm, and satisfied voice, "*that* is how you should properly prepare yourself when you pay me a visit like this in the future." The smugness in his voice, the *assumption* that he'd be doing this again sometime, brought Will's mind back. He was ready to tell the good doctor exactly what he'd come here for.

"So you *do* want me to do this again." Will's tone was satisfied in his own right as he turned on his heel. He stood from his former position of being bent over the desk and eyed Hannibal.

"I came here to make you beg." Will advanced, taking a little step forward. He looked behind Hannibal, at his large, leather office chair. A shudder passed through his body when he thought of what he wanted to do there.

"After the last time we were together, when you had your way with me on that stupidly expensive rug in your sitting room..." Will trailed off, thinking of the rug burns he had for days on his sore and bruised knees. "I deserve it. I deserve to hear you begging me to let you cum inside me."

Will stalked forward and hooked his fingers in the taller man's belt loops. He tugged, knowing he couldn't unbalance Hannibal that easily, but wanting to try all the same.

"I know you can't resist my tight, hot hole," he hissed through clenched teeth. "Tell me how much you want me to ride you. Right there. In your big, expensive, leather chair." Will cocked his head, staring up at Hannibal with wide eyes.

Hannibal kept his expression frustratingly serene as he calculated what to do. Will was clearly not going to stop this verbal sparring. Nor was he going to stop fighting his increasingly desperate physical needs; the only thing to do was the last thing Will expected.

He let his expression soften, his eyes go wide. He stepped back to where he knew Will was looking.

"Chairs are not decorative items, Will, no matter the expense of buying them. They are only given purpose if they are *used*."

He emphasized the last word to provide a parallel in Will's mind. He could tell it worked when Will's mouth dropped open, despite the excess of control he was trying to exert.

Hannibal kept his gaze while he backed the few spaces into where the chair was. He still did not break eye contact when he unzipped his trousers, and removed them, along with his black boxer briefs, with more grace than Will would have imagined possible, and tossed them aside.

Will was the one to break the gaze as Hannibal's hand went to his hard length, which he began stroking. Slowly he sat, and spread his legs.

“You are of course correct. There is nothing more in this world that I wish to experience right now than for you to ride my cock. In this chair.”

Will made a noise, frozen in his spot. His mind flew through a hundred possibilities, none of them involving Hannibal relenting.

After a moment he finally moved, slowly.

Climbing up into the over-sized chair, he knelt down, knees on either side of Hannibal’s hips. Despite getting what he wanted, Will was hesitant.

Was it a diversion, of some sort? A clever way to derail me?

In his mind’s eye, Will saw Hannibal rising up from the chair, laying him out on the floor and fucking him until he begged for mercy. But Hannibal didn’t move, he simply gave an almost impatient moan and spread his thighs even farther apart.

Will leant forward, feeling Hannibal’s hard length nudging against the cleft of his ass. With unsteady fingers he curled them under the other man’s jaw, tipping his head back. Will watched as Hannibal’s eyes closed, another deep noise falling from his mouth. He kissed him, gently, despite his growing need, Hannibal’s lips parting for Will’s eager tongue.

Eventually he reached back, taking Hannibal’s length into his hand. Will rose up slightly, teasing his open hole with the thick, wet head before finally, *finally* sinking down.

“God,” Will drawled, burying his face against Hannibal’s neck, shuddering in their shared embrace. “You’re so fucking big.” He groaned loudly, rolling his hips, and pressed an open-mouthed kiss along his collarbones before nipping at Hannibal’s throat.

“You can take it, can’t you?” Hannibal purred encouragingly. Will moaned in response, but managed to nod his head. He leaned back, steadying himself with one hand on the chair arm and one on Hannibal’s shoulder. He was beginning to shake.

“Just concentrate on how much I fill you. Stay still for a while. Breathe...”

Will caught his gaze, steady and full of wonder. It brought him calmer, and he relaxed the tension in his muscles, letting Hannibal brace him.

“Want you to enjoy yourself, Will. You were driven here by desperation and the need to surrender yourself to me. Your dreams have been permeated by me, and now your reality. Embrace it.”

Once Will’s breathing regulated, his expression changed. He *smiled*. The wicked grin that spread across his face pleased Hannibal, and his eyes shone as he moved his hands up and down Will’s chest. Will began to move.

Slowly at first, then with increased urgency, Will rose up and sank back down on Hannibal’s cock. He couldn’t get enough; he desperately needed contact. Faster. And then faster still. The more he felt his hole being stretched, the more he wanted to be filled.

“Ah, please...” Will buried his face against Hannibal’s neck, flush with his own desire. “I need it.” He all but bounced on Hannibal’s thighs, the noise of flesh on flesh loud in the otherwise quiet room.

Though Hannibal repeatedly touched Will, across his chest, down his sides and stomach, they were only steadying touches, helping to keep him balanced. The rest, Will bore with his thighs, his back. After many moments, he began to tire, thighs trembling violently from the strain.

“Please, Hannibal...” Will groaned, digging his fingers into Hannibal’s shoulders.

Hannibal let him go for a few moments longer, past what it should be physically possible to endure. He wanted Will to be exhausted. As for himself, he needed to be close to the edge, and he was getting very close indeed.

Watching Will ride him, being inside his tight, slick heat...it was always pleasurable, but so much more so having seen the end result of Will work himself into near total collapse.

At long last, Will’s knees faltered and his thigh muscles visibly spasmed. He collapsed forward, and Hannibal held him, Will’s chest heaving and heart thudding.

He stroked Will’s damp hair off of his forehead and kissed his temple.

“You’ve done so well. Do you want me to take over?”

Will nodded against his chest, unable even to speak. Hannibal slowly rose, holding Will as he pulled him back enough to slide his cock out of him, which elicited a shudder through Will’s limp body.

Gently, he backed him to the desk.

Will leant forward on him for support, arms loosing slung around Hannibal’s waist.

A moment later he was lifted backward, and he sprawled, unashamed, across the wooden surface. Too exhausted to keep them upright, Will’s thighs fell to the side of their own accord; Hannibal had only to push gently on his knees to open him completely.

“How beautiful you are, Will,” Hannibal breathed, marveling at his gaping entrance and how it responded when he lightly stroked the rim. Will’s cock pulsed at the sensation, the swollen head laying flushed and wet against his pale thigh. Hannibal wasted no time in swiping his fingers through the gathering fluid, gently pressing them past Will’s lips. He sucked desperately, *anything* to take his mind off the emptiness of his hole and aching fullness in his cock.

Will thought about Hannibal letting him thrust into the tightness of his free hand, but he only slicked his other fingers and quickly plunged them into his sensitive entrance.

Hannibal let him do this for a few moments. He watched with as much detachment as he could manage, but soon took a firm and commanding hold of Will’s wrist, as his fingers were at their deepest point. He stopped Will’s movements, and caught his eye, an expression of concern on his face.

“That is not going to do anything to satisfy you in your present state now, is it?”

Suddenly becoming aware of the lasciviousness of what he was doing, Will drew in a deep breath, trying to calm himself.

Hannibal asked another question, this time expecting a genuine answer, even though he already knew the response.

“What do you need?” Hannibal asked, implacable.

He was desperate. There was no holding back now.

“I need you to fill me,” Will finally managed to gasp, the words coming out fast and on top of each other, such was his need.

Hannibal smiled, and caressed his cheek. His answer to Will’s request was to suddenly thrust deep into his open hole without warning.

Will stared wordlessly up at Hannibal, eyes wide, too startled to make even the smallest hint of a sound. The only noise falling from his parted lips was the rush of breath torn from his lungs as Hannibal thrust hard inside his stretched hole. The force of the movement pushed Will along the desk as he scrabbled for stability. With exhausted, shaking hands, he held fast to the sides, curling his fingers over the edges of the wood.

He squeezed his eyes shut after several more particularly hard thrusts, clenching his teeth to bear the feeling of being opened so deeply and completely. There was a pleased noise from the man above him, Hannibal’s own breath coming in short gasps.

Hannibal continued, even faster, powerful thighs slapping hard against Will’s overheated skin. Will blinked backed tears, overstimulated, his former silence giving way to frantic, breathless whines. He could feel his body beginning to respond of its own accord, abdomen tightening almost painfully.

The first stirrings of climax started unexpectedly, uncoiling red hot in his belly, until he felt himself clenching hard around Hannibal’s thickness. Will cried out, voice rough and loud, as another spasm wracked through his body. The first pulses of cum came only moments later, splattering thick and hot over Will’s chest. Another followed, drenching his stomach and chin.

Leaning forward, Hannibal took hold of Will’s shoulder to give himself more leverage. He thrust even harder into Will’s limp body; he managed to hold on only to the edge of the desk with one hand.

At last, Hannibal straightened, arching his back as he began to cum. Will’s head sagged to the side, but he did his best to keep his eyes open to watch. And Hannibal always made such lovely noises - a deep, low growl kind of sound that seemed to emanate directly from his diaphragm. Watching him, with his hair fallen into his eyes, biting his lower lip...that he could give Hannibal such pleasure gratified Will immensely.

As he drifted, Hannibal’s cock pulsing into him, filling him completely, he thought of other scenarios to try and *actually* surprise him next time. Dragging him into a back room at the BAU. Telling him he was taking him to help out at a crime scene, and pulling up to some exorbitant hotel instead, where he’d booked a suite...

He forgot all about his humiliation and ridiculous mistake with the lube. He just looked up at Hannibal, and smiled.

End Notes

A million thanks to the wonderful [Muffichka](#) for creating this amazing artwork for this story!



Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!